

PARIS EXULTS AS FOUR YEARS' PALL IS LIFTED AT LAST

Target of Gothas and Berthas
Ablaze With Light as
Great Day Ends

UNKISSED SOLDIERS FEW

Arm in Arm Is Rule of Street,
With Taxis Carrying Everyone
Who Cares to Climb Aboard

Though it was all France that celebrated, in every village and town, the day of deliverance, the day the armistice was signed, yet it was in Paris, the heart of all France, that the exultation reached its height.

Paris, which had showed itself calm and stoical under all raid and Big Bertha bombardment, which had found heart in the face of a threatened offensive, to celebrate the fourth and the fourteenth of July with bonfires, parades and cheers, which for four years and more had been darkened and sad by night, light-lipped but smiling by day, awoke, on November 11, 1918, about the middle of the morning.

It awoke with a long-drawn-out roar, born first of unbelief and then, with the realization that the armistice was at last actually signed, it shook off its cloak of unbelief and gave way to unfeigned, delighted, rapt surprise. The roar grew as the news spread, and from the big buildings Paris poured forth, to walk, walk, walk, cheerfully up and down the crowded boulevards, in and out of the great squares and public places, anywhere, everywhere, just to see and be seen, to see the glow of victory reflected from the faces of the rest of all Paris. It asked no more; it was enough.

Le Jour de Gloire

The day had come. In the words of La Marseillaise, which everybody everywhere began to sing as though by instinct, "le jour de gloire est arrivé." The day for which the bravest of capitals had waited so long and so patiently, under the buffets of the enemy's guns by day and under the thundering blows of his bombs by night, had actually materialized. Paris was no longer in the Zone of the Armies; Paris was no longer a garrison town, no longer to be referred to or thought of by friends or foe as the entrance camp of Paris. It was in that day, as soon as it could rub its eyes and come to itself and be sure that the hideous dream had passed, Paris came home to itself, and the homecoming was glory.

But when one writes even of the rejuvenated, the restored Paris of 1918, one writes not of a merely rejuvenated Paris of 1918, but of a city that has become the capital of the Allied world. In the throngs on the streets, in the cafes, in the theaters, the four corners of the earth had met, to celebrate the common victory of common enemies. Yank and Aussie and Jack, Italian, Portuguese, Greek, Pole, Czech-Slovak, Tommy, Indian, all, from the newly arrived Brazilians to the wizened and weather-beaten polius wearing the seven brisques denoting four years in the furnace, knew no nationality, no difference of tongues or even of uniform.

Everybody Arm in Arm

Arm in arm they paraded up and down the avenues and boulevards, Australians flanking the tam-o'-shanter of the chasseur Alpins just as fetching as their own fifty-ton tank. Italian carabinieri proud and glad to exchange their big peaked hats for the dinky overseas caps of their Yankee brethren, Belgians fresh from the line bestowing their steel helmets on little swarthy men from the East in exchange for the weirdest of headgear.

As they went on their rollicking way, women and children pelted them with flowers, pressed flags into their hands, kissed them, and when they could separate them, danced around them in rings. To remain unloved of any one, man, woman or child, the Allied soldier, whether he had a badge or color, had to descend to a collar and hide.

It was, in all probability, the greatest day Paris has known since the fall of the Bastille, marking, as it did, the triumph over the last remaining Bastille of the world, the world of the future, in which France's extorted indemnity of 1870 has laid these 40 years and more. Nearer home, it marked a triumph over the one semblance of tyranny that Paris has tolerated—the tyranny of the taxi driver.

It was the day of the pedestrian. Street traffic as it is commonly and furiously run in Paris on normal days simply did not exist. If a taxi chose to move the way the crowd was going, it was allowed to proceed, at the crowd's own pace, with soldiers and civilians sitting on its top, its steps and its fenders groaning under the weight of everybody and anybody that chose to hop aboard.

Streets for Pedestrians

So it was with the auto buses, a whole column of which stood blocked in the Rue de Richelieu for the better part of the afternoon, unable to make the crossing at the junction of the Boulevard des Capucines and the Boulevard Montmartre. It seemed as if the Parisians and their Allied guests were determined, for one day at least, to rule supreme over all traffic and to have the streets to themselves for their victory party.

In the Place de la Concorde, to which, because of its name, doubtless, a great crowd repaired, the breech blocks of the captured German cannon were jeerfully slammed, and the muzzles peered into by all the children who could crawl and climb up to them, or who and gauding parents to boost them to the place of vantage. The stately statues of Lillie and Strasbourg were banked as never before with flowers and flags to celebrate their deliverance. And as the crowd swirled round and round the great obelisk in the center of the square they were showered from the sky by Italian airmen, who, flying over the city in their Capronis, dropped neat little printed messages of congratulation to France "on the recovery of her lost children."

Blaze of Light at Night

People would pick up the leaflets, read them, and then, with cries like delighted children, blow kisses at the almost invisible specks in the sky. Even though the airmen were too far away to be really kissed, the people they had honored were determined to forget them.

MARSEILLES LEADS AS RACE TO BERLIN STARTS WITH BANG

Continued from Page 1

up between the men at the docks and those at the big bunch of warehouses a few miles away. The dock gang has to have cars to load and it is consequently up to the warehouse gang to unload cars quickly and get them back to the docks.

Without going into the merits of the case, the warehouse men claimed that they can unload cars faster than they can be shipped to them by the dock gang. That assertion made the Stevedores on the docks so whopping mad that one night they shipped 28 American cars of grain and 11 trucks by air to the warehouse as who should say, "Trump that, you—!" The warehouse gang, not a bit puzzled, availed themselves of the offer of the P. W.'s, and at 2 a.m. the cars were all unloaded and on their way back to the docks. It was the warehouse turn, so they say, to exclaim, "Trump that!"

Mayor of Rochefort Busy

At Rochefort, every ship in the port but one had been emptied on the Monday night following the contest's opening. The non-coms are holding meetings every other night to devise methods to speed up the work. To speed up the thing even more, the mayor of the city has been on the job delivering speeches to the Stevedores every night.

How does he get it over? Why, most of them, being of French nationality or extraction, can converse with French men as readily as they can toss bacon boxes into freight cars. Sixty of them, incidentally, returned to one of the ships one night last week in order to complete the unloading of a ship—just so they could start fresh on another one the next morning.

St. Nazaire organized a monster mass meeting a week ago to receive General Harbord, and turned out 10,000 strong to give him and his party three rousing cheers, "with a Harbord on the end, boys," under the leadership of Lieut. Edward J. Hart, the port's command officer. Lieut. Hart, a first loopy of Engineers and the wearer of the largest Sam Browne in France, used eight good Yankee dummies in introducing the general and cussing the Kaiser, so the meeting was a success from the start.

"If you men are able to unload cars as well as you can cheer, you ought to win this race," the general told his audience. And then, with prophetic vision, he spoke of the men in the line and said, "There's going to take up the Western front and throw it right back over the Rhine."

Colonel Gets All Juzzed Up

The meeting so juzzed up Colonel F. W. Green that he sat right down on his own and wrote a reply to Bordeaux's scathing poetic slur on St. Nazaire's unloading record. It ran:

Old St. Nazaire has not a scare—
We know what Gascon talk is made of;
Nor leave his life, nor claim ships,
Nor Bordeaux boasts are we afraid of.
Give us the oil and flour boucoup,
And shoes and gear the finest ever—
Then catch the port's command officer,
And give them second place forever!

Brest has been working day and night to win, but sends up a bitter complaint that she can't get enough ships to unload. Major John O'Neill, the Brest Stevedores' chief, sent a lieutenant all the question mark of the progress of the race. The single hand on it starts at a mark called "La Pallice," and its route is charted to end in New York, via Berlin. The port's slogan, "Will You Beat Brest?" is plastered all over the town.

Have, Nantes and Rouen are hustling night and day, making the Belgians and British at the first named place and the Tommies, at the latter, marvel at the race. "Not a bit fed up, buds," is the way Friend Thomas puts it.

To judge from the figures and the enthusiasm, none of the ports are.

NO COTTON PRICE FIXING

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
AMERICA, Nov. 14.—No price fixing on cotton is likely. There is no prospect that there will be a shortage of cotton, and the cotton investigating committee of the War Trade Board believes that cotton can be satisfactorily marketed without price fixing. There were 7,000 bales shipped up to November 1, which is 250,000 bales more than for the same period last year.

The corn crop is 2,750,000,000 bushels, with the quality satisfactorily above the average.

SCHOOL AID TO CONTINUE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
AMERICA, Nov. 14.—Colleges, universities and technical schools, advising student army training corps will continue to receive Government aid through the entire school year, it is officially announced.

Itself came the best of France's singers, and, regardless of the effect of chill November wind on precious voices, sang and sang away again, with "La Brabanconne," "The Star Spangled Banner," "God Save the King," and always, ever recurring, "La Marseillaise."

The crowd took up the choruses and sent the anthems echoing back at the group on the balcony. And when the great folks of classical music finally descended, at the urgent pleas of the soldiers, to sing "Madelon," it seemed as if all France and all the Armies of the Alliance joined in the roar of applause and in the refrain.

It was a community song festival the like of which no city has ever seen, and the like of which may never come again. Though many lingered on the boulevards to cheer the flashing on an elevated screen of the pictures of the Marshals, of "Le Tigre," of President Wilson, of Sir Douglas Haig, and of General Pershing, the singing brought the great and exultant day to a close. As the last notes of the Opera's orchestra died away, a French bugler, armed with a sense of humor as well as with his resplendent clarion, blew the berlique, the all clear signal sounded at the end of the air raids that are now no more.

And all Paris laughed the laugh of happy children after a day's glad play. And the next day, and the next night, Paris sallied forth to romp and play again.

GUNS ROAR ON MEUSE AS LAST ZERO ARRIVES

Continued from Page 1

They had heard it again and again during the past fortnight.

"Well, the captain says it's so," "Hell, who's he? I'll wait till Foch comes and tells me himself."

Why, the preceding Thursday night—that was the night the envoys came over from Spa—news that what the doughy seems to prefer calling the "armistice" had been signed spread like the Spanish flu from Grandpré to the Meuse. That night the flares inflamed the skies, the rockets streaked the night, and burst into long-suppressed music, and the headlights twinkled all along the road.

It did not last long, this little blizzard of light, and there was much merriment; but, as a matter of fact, nothing much more demoralizing to the enemy could well have been staged than this spectacle of the First American Army celebrating something he had not heard.

All along the 77 miles held by the Americans the firing continued, literally, into the eleventh hour. At one minute before 11, when a million eyes were glued to the slow-creeping minute hands of a million watches, the roar of the guns was a thing to make the old earth tremble. At one point—it was where the Yankee division was having a brisk morning battle to the east of the Meuse, a man stationed at one battery stood with a handkerchief in his uplifted hand, his eyes fixed on his watch. It was one minute before 11. To the lanyards of the four big guns ropes were tied, each rope manned by 200 soldiers, cooks, stragglers, messengers, gunners, everybody.

Attack Before Vigneulle

Probably the hardest fighting being done by any Americans in the final hour was that which engaged the troops of the 28th, 32nd, 51st and 7th Divisions with the Second American Army, who launched a fire-eating attack above Vigneulle just at dawn on the 11th. It was no mild thing, that last flare of the battle, and the order to cease firing did not reach the men in the front line until the last moment, when runners sped with it from fox hole to fox hole.

Then a quite startling thing occurred. The skyline of the crest ahead of them grew suddenly populous with dancing soldiers and, down the slope, all the way to the barbed wire, straight for the Americans, came the German troops. They came with outstretched hands, cart-to-car grins and souvenirs to swap for cigarettes, so well did they know the little weakness of their foe. They came to tell how pleased they were the fight had stopped, how glad they were the Kaiser had departed for parts unknown, how fine it was to know they would have a reprieve at last in Germany.

"No," said one stubborn little Prussian. "It's a kingdom of their name. Whereat his own companions mobbed him and howled him down."

The farthest north at 11 o'clock on the front of the two armies was held at the extreme American left up Sedan way by the troops of the 7th Division. The fighting east—the nearest to the Rhine—was held by those negro soldiers who used to make up the old New York 15th and have long been brigaded with the French. They were in Alsace and their line ran through Thann and across the railway that leads to Colmar.

Civilians Cross Trenches

When the great hour came, across the trenches from our side swarmed a small army of civilians bearing food and clothing to their kith and kin on the other side. From the highest steep in Thann the firecolor fluttered gayly, and in the church, their knelt in thanksgiving all the old folks from miles around.

With them, in among them, polius knelt and Yankee soldiers, and the crowd so choked the aisles and steps that the priest could not move forward to his services. But the words that he preached from the pulpit were such words as leave the eyes dim and the heart glowing.

Up to the front, past Montfaucon and Tonnage, past Remouville and on up a truck trundled that morning. Over the tailboard, at the endless end of Argonne and Ardennes, there gazed a boy who had been drafted in the heart of America some six months before and who, with stop-offs for tedious training on the way, had slowly journeyed from his home to the Ardennes. It had taken him six months, it had put him through the cheerless channel of the replacement system, but it had brought him at last to his destination—the destination of his daydreams and his nightmares. He had reached the front.

He had reached the front, he noticed a certain excitement twinkling everywhere but—perhaps that was just the mood of the front. When finally the truck stopped and he jumped out, the news was waiting for him.

"It is 11 o'clock. The war is over," "Well," he said, "I can get here."

Then he laughed a short, little laugh that was made half of relief and half of disappointment. And his name was Private George W. Legion.

Up in a high observation post an American observer was trying to penetrate the mist with his German field

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VICTORIOUS YANKS YIELD TO POILUS AT SEDAN'S GATES

Continued from Page 1

day by soldiers exhausted by many days of a breathless pursuit, soldiers who had outstripped their own guns and their own ration carts. They had even outstripped their own ammunition carts in some instances. Hill 346—higher by a little few meters than either Montsec or Montfaucon—looked down on troops that, at the moment, had no ammunition to shoot. But the hill, crowned with ten machine guns, had to be taken. It was taken. It was taken by those companies who fixed their bayonets and rushed it with a roar. The Germans always did speak scornfully of American bluff.

Indeed, though the last week was rather a pursuit than a hotly contested battle, its days were full of such chapters as these. Consider the episode of the Marines arriving at sundown at a little forest made impassable by the hissing fringe of machine guns left to guard it. When dark came the Germans who manned those guns retired into the heart of the woods to sleep and wait for dawn according to their ancient and methodical custom. But the Marines were in a hurry. They did not wait till dawn. They did not wait at all.

Protected by the hubbub of the Artillery, guided by a luminous compass, taught by the memories of old days in the Philippine grass, they formed a hand-to-hand chain, and single file, fluted through the woods. When dawn came they were ready to attack from both sides.

Within Grenade Reach

Then consider the troops that had to fight their way across the Meuse and the Canal de l'Est above Brioules, the men of the 5th Division who set up their bridges under shell fire and, actually pelted by hand grenades, walked, waded, swam, blundered their way to the lights on the other side, nor stopped there but pushed on by fighting a none too easy advance of 15 kilometers. If the line held by the First American Army at the hinge of the Western front is to be called the Post of Honor, what shall be said of the hinge of the hinge?

When the full story comes to be told, it will be shown that when the order to cease firing came on the 11th, the divisions in line in that region were, from left to right, the 77th, the 2nd, the 89th, the 30th, the 5th and the 32nd. When the drive started its third and last phase on November first, they were the 78th, the 77th, the 30th, the 2nd, the 89th, the 5th and the 90th.

THANKSGIVING CHORUS PLAN

AMERICA, Nov. 14.—The National Council of Women is planning a mighty chorus of rejoicing for 4 p.m. Thanksgiving Day. All America, all the men on ships in port or at sea, and all the A.E.F. are asked to join in a unified program of patriotic songs.

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